

DOCTOR:
So.

JACK:
The TARDIS threw you out?

DOCTOR:
She panicked. There are built-in systems. When there's hostile
action, she displaces.

JACK:
Throwing you out and leaving you?

DOCTOR:
On a bench behind the bus station.

MISHKA:
That is so me. Throw em out, change the locks, wait for them
to grovel with flowers. Barry.

IANTO:
And did he?

MISHKA:
Proposed. Lasted three months, but got a packet for the ring
from cash exchangers.

DOCTOR:
Oi! I'm not Barry, never a Barry. We'd just had - a
disagreement. Getting out of the Dark Times.

JACK:
You could just have landed properly.

DOCTOR:
I didn't want to make a fuss.

IANTO:
Not. Make. A. Fuss.

DOCTOR:
Okay. I didn't intend Cardiff to get caught up in a psychic
maelstrom from the telepathic circuits.

JACK:
Oh boy.
IANTO:
All this is your fault?

DOCTOR:
The, uh, TARDIS's actually.

MISHKA:
You're blaming her.

DOCTOR:
More of an it.

IANTO:
You called her her.

JACK:
All the time.

DOCTOR:
Who's side are you on?

JACK / IANTO:
Cardiff's.

DOCTOR:
Let's not play the blame game here. She made a mistake. I
realised she'd ended up somewhere or somewhere, so -

JACK:
You came to Torchwood for help?

DOCTOR:
Yes.

IANTO:
Only, you pretended you were helping us.

JACK:
You lied.

DOCTOR:
Eehh.

IANTO:
Could this all have been prevented if you'd just told us?

DOCTOR:
Well-

JACK:
I'm not angry.

IANTO:
He's disappointed.

MISHKA:
What - about my Dad?